Frustration, Hatred and Longing

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7232314.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), hannigram - Fandom
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	drunken kisses, Memory Loss, Flirty Will, Heartbroken Hannibal, hannigram feels, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Season 1
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Tiger's canon(ish) Hannigram fics
Collections:	#DrunkenKissesChallenge
Stats:	Published: 2016-06-18 Words: 1,737 Chapters: 1/1

Frustration, Hatred and Longing

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will keeps drunkenly kissing Hannibal but never remembers. Hannibal is hurting. Season 1 AU events sort of not canon/canon divergent full of Hanniboo feels.

Notes

Started as crack, is not crack.

Came about from a conversation in the Cannibal Pub about writing drunken kisses and memory loss (check out Stages of Pursuit by my fellow pub-goers who used the same premise)! I didn't mean it to get all emotional :-/

Gifting all my drunken kisses to my Hannibal Cre-ATE-ive sin family.

“No Will. Enough is enough…” Hannibal felt the anger in the pit of his stomach. In the bile of it. It was mixed with frustration and hatred - and longing.

“Oh… come on Hannibal, one kiss… I want to taste you.” The words ever so slightly slurred as he attempted to hide quite how drunk he was.

“You can’t keep doing this Will. I will have to… I won’t invite you again. This is just… not acceptable.” Hannibal struggled to string the words together. Partly because he struggled to select the appropriate ones, partly because he also struggled with Will Graham - who was currently trying to press up against him.

The bottle of his rather fine whisky that he had taken out of Will’s hand was now an obstacle in this struggle. And so Will achieved his goal - pushing Hannibal up against the wall of the hallway and kissing him - hard. His lips crushing Hannibal’s in a way that made Hannibal want to whimper. He wanted to sink into it and submit to the heat of it. He wanted to so very badly. But he knew how it would end. How it always ended. Forgetting himself, he allowed his lips to part under Will’s, his spine tingling as Will’s tongue slipped into his mouth...

With physical, mental and emotional effort, he pushed Will off.

“Enough!” His raised voice seemed to sober Will a little.

“I’m… I… I’m sorry Hannibal… I thought you… I just, I wanted to… I wanted to see what it would be like to kiss you...” Will had the good grace to lower his eyes.

Despite Will’s contrition, Hannibal was unable to bite back the words - “You should know well enough by now.”

To that Will just looked confused. A small dose of hurt was mixed in with the disappointment and shame writ on his face. After a moment Hannibal sighed and let his shoulders slump.

“Just go home Will. Please… go home.”

Six Months Earlier - BAU Christmas Party

“Phew, fresh air!” Will commented happily as he practically rolled onto the balcony in a haze of whisky fumes. He moved to where Hannibal stood overlooking the city.

“Yes, I was finding it quite stifling in there myself.” In truth, he was avoiding the slightly tipsy advances of Alana Bloom. And now here he stood with the man he had recently met. Had recently been thrust upon, but seemed to be making progress with. He kept private, of course, his slowly welling attraction to the man. Maybe even an affection for him - thoughts and emotions he was yet to unpack and disect.

“Geez! This shit is everywhere…” Will laughed, words slightly slurred. Hannibal looked to where Will indicated a branch of mistletoe that had been hung from the small awning on the balcony. Hannibal joined in with a low chuckle of acknowledgement.

And then Will was kissing him. Hannibal’s breath hitched in his throat and Will moaned into his mouth. Will’s free hand went up to the back of Hannibal’s neck, ran up into his hair and used the position to deepen the kiss - his tongue gently exploring and easing into Hannibal’s willing mouth. Because it was willing. *So* very willing. When Will finally broke the kiss they were both panting.

“...wanted to do that since I met you…” Will grinned. He raised the remains of his glass to his mouth and gulped it down in one long swallow. “Just needed the courage.” He smiled, raising the glass.

“Will… I…” Hannibal was speechless. Which was perhaps for the best - time to chose the words carefully, whatever they might eventually be..

Will put a finger to Hannibal’s lips. “Hold that thought. Courage makes me need to pee…” He gave a kind of cheeky grin Hannibal never expected from Will Graham, and it warmed him through his chest and down to his balls.

It was about thirty minutes later that Hannibal found Will again. He had said he’d be straight back from the bathroom, but eventually Hannibal had come back in from the cold. Will was laughing - flirting? - with Alana, both of whom seemed of equal inebriation. Hannibal was going to walk away when Will saw him and called him over -

“Hannibal! How are you, I haven’t seen you all night. Can’t believe Jack convinced you to come… or me for that matter…” He laughed. Hannibal frowned.

Four Months Earlier - Dinner at Hannibal’s House

Was it a ruse? Had he wanted to keep their kiss private? Hannibal could understand that. But as the conversation progressed that night he started to suspect that Will truly had no memory of having kissed him. Perhaps he was more intoxicated than Hannibal had realised.

Hannibal had decided to forget the kiss as well as he might. Or at the least accept that Will had been too drunk to remember it and leave it be. It had been difficult at first to continue as though nothing had happened, but after a couple of months it became easier. Attempts to only see Will for official business were made, and sometimes unsuccessful - it was easier to not be alone with him. To not look at those soft lips and remember how they felt. But of course, sometimes being social with Will Graham was inevitable. He could hardly invite Jack, Bella and Alana for dinner without inviting Will.

He had at least been glad to know, before this invitation, that Will and Alana had not taken their flirtation further. Hannibal had no desire to be a fifth wheel at his own dinner table.

Wine, with dinner. And then port. Will had opted for a particularly fine whisky that Hannibal kept. It had been an easy evening, comfortable. Maybe Hannibal could start to get over the Christmas kiss.

Will was the last to leave and it happened on the doorstep, there was no mistletoe this time. Hannibal had just been seeing him out now that his taxi had arrived.

“I had a lovely time Doctor…” He had slurred and then leaned. Hannibal thought at first that he was off balance, until Will clearly moved with purpose. Stepping up from the step below the one on which Hannibal stood and catching his mouth on the way up.

Soft. Gently probing. And then Will was gone and in the taxi. Hannibal felt loneliness bite at him.

Two Months Earlier - Late Night Visit

It had become clear at the next session after the second kiss, that Will apparently had no memory of that either. Time loss perhaps? There was that sweet smell about Will - might it be some sickness? Or maybe this was a game? Maybe Will Graham was a particularly cruel man, though Hannibal was sure that was untrue as much as the hurt inside him tugged at that thought.

Hannibal had cause to consider the possibility of sickness again. Bring it back from the depths he had pushed it to along with anything and everything to do with the kisses, when Will had knocked on his door.

It was close to 2am and Hannibal answered the door in his pyjamas.

“Will?” He was surprised to see the tousled looking man on his doorstep but opened the door and let him nonetheless.

“I’m sorry…” The words slurred. Will was probably the most drunk Hannibal had ever seen him. No mean feat in a man that consumed that much whisky! “It was cheaper than going back to Wolf Trap…”Will indicated the retreating taxi as he crossed the threshold.

Rude! Was all Hannibal had time to think before Will had pushed him up against the now closed door. Lips so gently tasting him. One of Will’s hands on the wall, the other landed on

Hannibal - perilously close to his crotch. His cock filled quickly in anticipation, the ache of it almost painful.

“Hmm, you taste like bedtime…” Will smiled. Were he not quite so drunk it would have perhaps been suggestive. As it was Will’s eyes rolled and Hannibal was just able to get him to the chaise in the study before he passed out.

Present - Small Dinner Party at Hannibal’s House

Hannibal had made breakfast the morning after that night. Will had been apologetic and sheepish about his impromptu visit, but no mention of the kiss. Again. Nothing. Hannibal ached with it. With the weight of it sitting in his heart. Why was he being tortured in this way?

And now this evening Will had done it again. And Hannibal hurt. He *burned* with hurt. The dull ache that had been building since that first kiss was eating away inside him like lava pouring from his heart into his gut.

Hannibal heard the honk of a car horn and went to the door. Will stood on the doorstep and his taxi had arrived but he didn’t move.

“Time to go Will.”

Nothing.

“Will?” Hannibal walked around and stood face to face with the man. Will’s eyes were rolled back and a tremor was going through him. A seizure. Hannibal cursed himself. If he hadn’t been so caught up - angry, confused - by Will’s actions he might have allowed the train of thought that told him Will was sick.

He waved the taxi off, ignoring the obscene gesture from the driver.

The Morning After

Hannibal stirred as he felt a fingers entwine with his. He winced at the crick in his neck as he opened his eyes and sat up.

Hospital. Will.

The night before came back to him. He must have fallen asleep whilst he sat next to Will once he had been moved from the ER. Will who was now smiling at him, holding his hand.

“Hannibal.” He said softly. Fondly, perhaps. A slight blush. “Thank you.”

Encephalitis. Lost time. Blackouts whilst drunk. In those moments Will managed to travel - wake in completely different places with no knowledge of how he got there. To kiss Hannibal. Something, it was revealed, he had wanted to do for sometime and had never got up the nerve, or so he had thought.

It was a long day - tests, treatment plans, more sleep for Will. But Hannibal did not leave, not when Will held his hand so tightly throughout everything. The hurt in Hannibal's chest dissolved as something else bloomed. The burn of the lava now a pleasant heat radiating through him. He looked forward to Will's recovery, to his release from hospital and to final share something other than a drunken kiss.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!